

Ouids Banquet of SENCE.

A Coronet for his Mistresse Phi-
losophie, and his amorous
Zodiacke.

VVith a translation of a Latine coppie, written
by a Fryer, Anno Dom. 1400.

*Quis leget hac? Nemo Hercule Nemo,
vel duo vel nemo: Persius.*



AT LONDON,
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Anno Dom. 1595.

Office of the

Director

of the

Department of the Interior

Washington, D. C.

April 10, 1907

Dear Sir:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 4th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Yours very truly,

John D. Smith

Director

Department of the Interior

Washington, D. C.

TO THE TRVLIE Learned, and my worthy Friende, Ma. Mathew Royden.

Such is the wilfull pouertie
of iudgements (sweet Ma:) wandring
like passportles men, in contempt of the
diuine discipline of Poesie, that a man
may well feare to frequent their walks:
The prophane multitude I hate, & on-
lie consecrate my strange Poems to chiefe
serching spirits, who learning hath made
noble, and nobilitie sacred; endeuouring that materiall Oration,
which you call Schema; varying in some rare fiction, from po-
pular custome, euen for the pure sakes of ornament and vilitie;
This of Euripides exceeding sweetly relishing with mee; Len-
tem coquens ne quicquam dentis addito.

But that Poesie should be as perniell as Oratorie, and plain-
nes her speciall ornament, were the plaine way to barbarisme:
and to make the Asserume proude of his eares; to take away
strength from Lyons, and giue Cammels hornes.

That, Enargia, or cleerenes of representation, requird in ab-
solute Poems is not the perspicuous deliuey of a lowe inuention;
but high, and harty inuention exprest in most significant, and un-
affected phrase; it serues not a skilfull Painters turne, so draw the
figure of a face onely to make knowne who it represents; but hee
must hymn, giue luster, shadow, and beightning; which though
ignorants will esteeme spic'd, and too curious, yet such as haue the
iudiciall perspetiue, will see it hath, motion, spirit and life.

There is no confection made to last, but it is admitted more
cost and skill then presently to be used simples; and in my opinion,
that which being with a litle endenour serched, ads a kinde of mo-
iestie to Poesie; is better then that which enery Cowler may sing to
his patch.

Obscuritie in affection of words, & indigested conceits, is pedan-
ticall and childish; but where it shroudeth it selfe in the hart of his
subiect, viterd with fines of figure, and expresse Epithies; with

The Epistle.

that darknes wil ? still labour to be shadowed; rich Minerals are digd out of the bowels of the earth, not found in the superficies and dust of it; charms made of vnlearned characters are not consecrate by the Muses which are diuine artists, but by Euippes daughters, that challengd them with weere nature, whose breasts ? doubt not had beene well worthy commendation, if their comparison had not turnd them into Pyes.

Thus (not affecting glory for mine owne sleight labors, but desirous other should be more worthely glorious, nor professing sacred Poesie in any degree,) I thought good to submit to your apt iudgment: acquainted long since with the true habit of Poesie, and now since your labouring wits endenour heauen-high thoughts of Nature you haue actual meanes to sound the philosophical conceits, that my new pen so seriously courteth. I know, that empty, and dark spirits, wil complaine of palpable night: but those that before-hand, haue a radiant, and light-bearing intellect, will say they can passe through Corynnas Garden without the helpe of a Lanterne.

Your owne most worthily
and sincerely affected,
George Chapman.

Richard Stapleton to the Author.

P *Hab*us hath giuen thee both his bow, and Muse;
With one thou slayst the Artizans of thunder,
And to thy loofe dost such a sounde infuse,
That gatherd storms therewith are blowne in sunder:
The other decks her with her golden wings
Spred beyond measure, in thy ample verse,
Where she (as in her bowes of Lawrell) sings
Sweet philosophick strains that Feends might pierse,
The soule of brightnes in thy darknes shines
Most new, and deare: vntainde with forraine graces,
And when aspiring sprights shall reach thy lines,
They will not heare our trebble-termed bases.
With boldnes then thy able Poems vse
Phabus hath giuen thee both his bow and Muse.

Tho: Williams of the inner Temple.

I *S*ue of *Seraph* that will imbrace
With fleshly arms the three-winged wife of thunder:
Let her sad ruine, such proud thoughts abase
And view aloofe, this verse in silent wonder,
If neerer your unhallowed eyes wil pierse,
Then (with the Saryre) kisse this sacred fire,
To scorch your lips, that dearely taught thereby
Your onely soules fit objects may aspire,
But you high spirrits in thys cloud of gold
Inioy (like *youe*) this bright Saturnian Muse,
Your eyes can well the dazeling beames behold
This Iythian lightner freshly doth effuse
To dant the basenes of that bastard traine
Whose twise borne iudgments, formeles still remaine.

Another.

VNgratefull Farmers of the Muses land
That (wanting thrift and iudgment to imploy it)
Let it manureles and vnfenced stand,
Till barbarous Cattell enter and destroy it :
Now the true heyre is happily found out
Who (framing it t' enrich posterities)
Walles it with spright-fild darknes round about,
Graft, plants, and sowes ; and makes it Paradise.
To which without the *Parcas* golden bow,
None can aspire but stick in errors hell ;
A Garland to engird a Monarchs brow,
Then take some paines to ioy so rich a Jewell
Most prize is graspt in labors hardest hand,
And idle soules can nothing rich command,

I. D. of the middle Temple.

ONely that eye which for true loue doth weepe,
Onely that hart which tender loue doth pierse,
May read and vnderstand this sacred vierre
For other wits too mysticall and deepe :
Betweene these hallowed leaues *Cupid* dooth keepe
The golden lesson of his second Artist,
For loue, till now, hath still a Maister mist
Since *Ouids* eyes were closd with iron sleepe ;
But now his waking soule in *Chapman* liues,
Which shoves so well the passions of his soule,
And yet this Muse more cause of wonder giues,
And doth more Prophet-like loues art enroule :
For *Ouids* soule, now growne more old and wise,
Poures forth it selfe in deeper mysteries.

Since

Another.

Since *Ouid* (loues first gentle Maister) dyed
he hath a most notorious treant beene,
And hath not once in thrice five ages scene
That same sweete Muse that was his first sweet guide;
But since *Apollo* who was gratified
Once with a kisse, hunting on *Cynthia* greene,
By loues fayre Mother tender Beauties Queene,
This fauor vnto her hath not enuied,
That into whome she will, she may infuse
For the instruction of her tender sonne,
The gentle *Ouids* easie supple Muse,
Which vnto thee (sweet *Chapman*) she hath doone:
Shee makes (in thee) the spirit of *Ouid* moue,
And calles thee second Maister of her loue

Futurum inuisibile.

The first of these is the fact that the
 second of these is the fact that the
 third of these is the fact that the
 fourth of these is the fact that the
 fifth of these is the fact that the
 sixth of these is the fact that the
 seventh of these is the fact that the
 eighth of these is the fact that the
 ninth of these is the fact that the
 tenth of these is the fact that the

... ..

Ouids Banquet of SENCE.

The Argument.

OVID, newly enamoured of Iulia, (daughter to Octavius Augustus Cæsar, after by him called Corynna,) secretly conuaid himselfe into a Garden of the Emperors Court: in an Arber whereof, Corynna was basking; playing upon her Lute, and singing: which Ouid ouer-hearing, was exceedingly pleasd with the sweetnes of her voyce, & to himselfe vitered the comfort he conceined in his sence of Hearing. **Auditus.**

Then the odors shee vsde in her bath, breathing a rich sauer, Olfactus, hee expresseth the ioy he felt in his sence of Smelling.

Thus growing more deeplie enamoured, in great contentation with himselfe, he ventures to see her in the pride of her nakednesse: which dooing by stealth, he discovered the comfort hee conceined in Seeing, and the glorie of her beaurie. **Visus.**

Not yet satisfied, hee vseth all his Art to make knowne his being there, without her offence: or (being necessarily offended) Gustus. to appease her: which done, he entreats a kisse to serue for satisfaction of his Tast, which he obtaines.

Then proceedes he to entreaty for the fift sence and there is Tactus. interrupted.

NARRATIO.

THE Earth, from heauenly light conceiued heat,
Which mixed all her moyst parts with her dry,
When with right beames the Sun her bosome beat,
And with fit foode her Plants did nutritie;

They (which to Earth, as to theyr Mother cling
In forked rootes) now sprinkled plenteously

With her warme breath; did hasten to the spring,
Gather their proper forces, and extrude
All powre but that, with which they stood indude.

B.

Then

[The page contains faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]

Admiral Wilson

Ouids Banquet of SENCE.

The Argument.

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NARRATIO.

THE Earth, from heavenly light conceived heat,
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When with right beames the Sun her bosome beat,
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Gather their proper forces, and extrude
All powre but that, with which they stood indude.

B.

Then

OVIDS BANQVET

* *Cyrrhus* is a surname of the Sun, from a towne called *Cyrrha*, where he was honored.

* By *Protopoeia*, he makes y^e fountaine y^e eye of the round Arbor, as a Diamant seemes to be the eye of a Ring: and therefore sayes, the Arbor sees with the Fountaine.

Then did * *Cyrrhus* fill his eyes with fire,
Whose ardor curld the foreheads of the trees,
And made his greene-loue burne in his desire,
When youth, and ease, (Collectors of loues fees)

Entic'd *Corynna* to a siluer spring,
Enchasing a round Bowre; which with it sees,*
(As with a Diamant dooth an ameld Ring.)
Into which eye, most pittifully flood
Niobe, shedding teares, that were her blood.

Stone *Niobe*, whose statue to this Fountaine,
In great *Augustus Caesars* grace was brought
From *Sypilus*, the steepe *Mygdonian* Mountaine:
That statue tis, still weepes for former thought,
Into thys spring *Corynnas* bathing place;
So cunningly to optick reason wrought,
That a farre of, it shewd a womans face,
Heauie, and weeping; but more neerely viewed,
Nor weeping, heauy, nor a woman shewed.

In Sommer onely wrought her exstasie;
And that her story might be still obserued,
Oetanus caus'd in curious imagrie,
Her foureteene children should at large be carued,
Theyr foureteene brests, with foureteene arrowes gored
And set by her, that for her seede so starued
To a stone Sepulcher herselfe deplored,
In luory were they cut, and on each brest,
In golden Elements theyr names imprest.

Her sonnes, were *Sypilus*, *Agenor*, *Phadimus*,
Iphiclus, *Argus*, and *Damascithen*,
The scauenth calde like his Grandfire, *Tantalus*.
Her Daughters, were the fayre *Astiochen*,
Chloris, *Naera*, and *Pelops*,
Phaeta, proud *Phibia*, and *Eugigen*,
All these apposde to violent *Niobe*
Had lookes so deadly sad, so liuely doone,
As if Death liu'd in theyr confusion.

Behind

OF SENCE.

Behind theyr Mother two Pyramides
 Of freckled Marble, through the Arbor viewed,
 On whose sharp brows, *Sol*, and *Tytanides*
 In purple and transparent glasse were hewed,
 Through which the Sun-beames on the statues staying,
 Made theyr pale bosoms seeme with blood imbewed,
 Those two sterne Planets rigors still bewraying
 To these dead forms, came lining beauries essence
 Able to make them startle with her presence.

In a loose robe of Tynsell soorth she came,
 Nothing but it betwixt her nakednes
 And enuious light. The downward-burning flame,
 Of her rich hayre did threaten new accesse,
 Of ventrous *Phaeton* to scorch the fields:
 And thus to bathing came our Poets Goddesse,
 Her handmaides bearing all things pleasure yeelds
 To such a seruice; Odors most delighted,
 And purest linnen which her lookes had whited.

Then cast she off her robe, and stood vpright,
 As lightning breakes out of a laboring cloude;
 Or as the Morning heauen casts off the Night,
 Or as that heauen cast off it selfe, and showde
 Heauens vpper light, to which the brightest day
 Is but a black and melancholy shroude:
 Or as when *Venus* striv'd for soueraine sway
 Of charmfull beutie, in yong Troyes desire,
 So stood *Corynna* vanishing her tire.

A soft enflowred banck embrac'd the founte;
 Of *Chloris* ensignes, an abstracted field;
 Where grew Melanthy, great in Bees account,
 Amareus, that precious Balme dooth yeeld,
 Enameld Pansies, vs'd at Nuptials still,
Dianas arrow, *Cupids* crimson shielde,
 Ope-morne, night-shade, and *Venus* nauill,
 Solemne Violets, hanging head as shamed,
 And verdant Calamint, for odor famed.

OVIDS BANQVET

Sacred Nepenthe, purgative of care,
And soueraine Rumex that doth rancor kill,
Sya, and Hyacinth, that Furies weare,
White and red Iessamines, Merry, Melliphill:

Fayre Crowne-imperiall, Emperor of Flowers,
Immortall Amaranth, white Aphrodill,
And cup-like Twillpants, stroude in *Bacchus* Bowres,
These cling about this Natures naked Iem,
To taste her sweetes, as Bees doe swarme on them.

And now shee vſide the Founte, where *Niober*,
Toomb'd in her selfe, pourde her lost soule in teares,
Vpon the bosome of this Romaine *Phæbe*;
Who; bathd and Odord; her bright lyms she rears,
And drying her on that disparent rounde;
Her Lute she takes reſnamoure heavenly eares,
And try if with her voyces vitall sounde,
She could warme life through those colde statues spread,
And cheere the Dame that wept when she was dead.

And thus she sung, all naked as she sat,
Laying the happy Lute vpon her thigh,
Not thinking any neere to wonder at
The blisse of her sweete breſts diuinitie,

The Song of *CORYNNA*.

*T'is better to contemne then loue,
And to be fayre then wiſe;
For ſoules are rulde by eyes:
And loues Bird, ceaz'd by Cypris Dove,
It is our grace and ſport to ſee,
Our beauties ſorceries,
That makes (like deſtinie)
Men followe vs, the more wee flee;
That ſets wiſe Gloſſes on the ſoole,
And turns her cheekes to booke,
Where wiſdome ſees in lookes
Deriſion, laughing at his ſchools,
Who (louing) proues, prophaneſs, holy;
Nature, our fate, our wiſdome, ſolly.*

While

OF SENCE.

While this was singing, *Onid* yong in loue
 With her perfections, neuer prouing yet
 How mercifull a Mistres she would proue,
 Boldly embrac'd the power he could not let
 And like a fiery exhalation
 Followd the sun, he wisht might neuer set;
 Trusting heerein his constellation
 Rul'd by loues beames, which *Iulias* eyes created,
 Whose beaurty was the star his life directed.

And hauing drencht his ankles in those seas,
 He needes woulde swimme, and car'd not if he drounde:
 Loues feete are in his eyes; for if he please
 The depth of beauties gulfye floodd to sounde,
 He goes vpon his eyes, and vp to them,
 At the first steap he is; no shader grounde
 Coulde *Onid* finde; but in loues holy streame
 Was past his eyes, and now did wet his eares,
 For his high Soueraignes siluer voice he heares.

Whereat his wit, assumed fiery wings,
 Soaring aboue the temper of his soule,
 And he the purifying rapture sings
 Of his eares sence, takes full the Thespian boule
 And it carrouseth to his Mistres health,
 Whose sprightfull verdure did dull flesh controle,
 And his conceipt he crowneth with the wealth
 Of all the Muses in his pleased senses,
 When with the eares delight he thus commences:

Now Muses come, repayre your broken wings,
 (Pluckt, and prophan'd by rusticke Ignorance,)
 With feathers of these notes my Mistres sings;
 And let quick verse hir drooping head aduance
 From dungeons of contempt to smite the starrs;
 In *Iulias* tunes, led forth by furious trance
 A thousand Muses come to bid you wars,
 Due to your Spring, and hide you from the stroke.
 All Poets furies will her tunes inuoke.

OVIDS BANQVET

Neuer was any sence so sette on fire
 With an immortall ardor, as myne eares;
 Her fingers to the strings doth speeche inspire
 And numberd laughter; that the deskant beares
 To hir sweete voice; whose species through my sence
 My spirits to theyr highest function reares;
 To which imprest with ceaseles confluence
 It vseth them, as propper to her powre
 Marries my soule, and makes it selfe her dowre;

Me thinks her tunes flye guilt, like *Attick* Bees
 To my eares hieues, with hony tryed to ayre;
 My braine is but the combe, the wax, the lees,
 My soule the Drone, that liues by their affayre.

O so it sweets, refines, and rauisheth,
 And with what sport they sting in theyr repayre?
 Rise then in swarms, and sting me thus to death
 Or turne me into swounde; possesse me whole,
 Soule to my life, and essence to my soule.

Say gentle Ayre, ô does it not thee good
 Thus to be smit with her correcting voyce?
 Why daunce ye not, ye daughters of the wood?
 Wither for euer, if not now reioyce.

Rise stones, and build a Cittie with her notes,
 And notes infuse with your most Cynthian noyse,
 To all the Trees, sweete flowers, and christall Flotes,
 That crowne, and make this cheerefull Garden quick,
 Vertue, that euery tuch may make such Musick.

O that as man is cald a little world
 The world might shrink into a little man,
 To heare the notes about this Garden hurld,
 That skill disperst in tunes so Orphean
 Might not be lost in smiting stocks and trees
 That haue no eares; but growne as it began
 Spred theyr renownes, as far as *Phœbus* sees
 Through earths dull vaines; that shee like heauen might
 In ceaseles Musick, and be fill'd with loue.

(moue,
 In

OF SENCE.

In precious incense of her holy breath,
My loue doth offer Hecatombs of notes
To all the Gods; who now despise the death
Of Oxen, Heifers, Wethers, Swine, and Goates.

A Sonnet in her breathing sacrific'd,
Delights them more then all beasts bellowing throates,
As much with heauen, as with my hearing priz'd.
And as guilt Atoms in the sunne appeare,
So greete these sounds the grissells of myne eare.

Whose pores doe open wide to theyr regreete,
And my implanted ayre, that ayre embraceth
Which they impresse; I feele theyr nimble feete
Tread my cares Labyrinth; theyr sport amazeth
They keepe such measure; play themselves and dance,
And now my soule in *Cupids* Furnace blazeth,
Wrought into furie with theyr daliance:
And as the fire the parched stuble burns,
So fades my flesh, and into spirit turns.

Sweete tunes, braue issue, that from *India* come;
Shooke from her braine, armd like the Queene of Ire;
For first * conceiued in her mentall wombe,
And nourisht with her soules discursiue fire,
They grew into the power of her thought;
She gaue them dounye plumes from her attire,
And them to strong imagination brought:
That, to her voice; wherein most mouinglye
Shee (blessing them with kysses) letts them flye.

* In this allusion
to the birth of
Pallas, he shewes
the conceit of her
Sonnet, both for
matter and note,
and by Metaphor
hee expresseth
how shee deliue-

red her words, & tunes, which was by commision of the order, Philosophers set downe
in apprehension of our knoweledge, and effectiue of our sences, for first they affirme, the
species of euery object propagates it selfe by our spirites to our common sence, that, deli-
uers it to the imaginative part, that to the Cogitative: the Cogitative to the Passiue Intellect.
the Passiue Intellect, to that which is called *Dianosis*, or *Discursus*, and that delivers it vp
to the minde, which order hee obserues in her vterance.

OVIDS BANQVET

Who flye reioysing; but (like noblest mindes)

In giuing others life themselues do dye,

Not able to endure earthes rude vnkindes

Bred in my soueraigns parts too tenderly;

O that as * Intellects themselues transire

To eache intellegible quallitie,

My life might passe into my loues conceit,

Thus to be form'd in words, her tunes, and breath,

And with her kysses, sing it selfe to death.

This life were wholly sweete, this onely blisse,

Thus would I liue to dye; Thus sence were feasted,

My life that in my flesh a Chaos is

Should to a Golden worlde be thus dygested;

Thus should I rule her faces Monarchy,

Whose lookes in seuerall Empires are inuested

Crown'd now with smiles, and then with modesty,

Thus in her tunes diuision I should raigne,

For her conceipt does all, in every vaine.

My life then turn'd to that, e'each note, and word

Should I consort her looke; which sweeter sings,

Where songs of solid harmony accord,

Rulde with Lopes rule; and prickt with all his stings;

Thus should I be her notes, before * they be;

While in her blood they sitte with fiery wings

Not vapord in her voyces stillerie,

Nought are these notes her breast so sweetely frames,

But motions, fled out of her spirits flames.

For as when Steele and flint together smit,

With violent action spitt forth sparkes of fire,

And make the tender tynder burne with it;

So my loues soule doth lighten her desire

Vppon her spyrits in her notes * pretence;

And they conuaye them (for distinct attire)

To vse the Wardrobe of the common sence:

From whence in vailes of her rich breath they flye,

And feast the eare with this felicitye.

* The Philosopher saith, *Intellectus in ipsa intelligibilis transit*, vpon which is grounded thys inuention, that in the same manner his life might passe into hys Mistres conceite, intending his intellectuall life, or soule: which by this Analogie, should bee *Intellectus*, & her conceit, *Intelligibilis*.

* This hath reference to the order of her vnderstanding, exprest before.

* So is thys likewise referd to the order aboue said, for the more perspicuitie.

Mee

OF SENCE.

Me thinks they rayse me from the heavy ground
 And moue me swimming in the yeelding ayre:
 As Zephirs flowry blasts doe tossle a sounge;
 Vpon their wings will I to Heauen repayre,
 And sing them so, Gods shall descend and heare
 Ladies must bee ador'd that are but fayre,
 But apt besides with art to tempt the eare
 In notes of Nature, is a Goddesse part,
 Though oft, mens natures notes, please more then Art.

But heere are Art and Nature both confinde,
 Art casting Nature in so deepe a trance
 That both seeme deade, because they be diuinde,
 Buried is Heauen in earthly ignorance,
 Why breaks not men then strumpet Follies bounds,
 To learne at this pure virgine vterance?
 No; none but *Ouids* eares can sound these sounds,
 Where sing the harts of Loue and Poesie,
 Which make my Muse so strong the works too hye.

Now in his glowing eares her tunes did sleepe,
 And as a siluer Bell, with violent blowe
 Of Steele or Iron, when his soundes most deepe,
 Doe from his sides and ayres soft bosome flowe,

A great while after murmures at the stroke,
 Letting the hearers eares his hardnes knowe,

So chid the Ayre to be no longer broke:
 And lest the accents panting in his eare
 Which in this Banquet his first seruice were.

Here with, as *Ouid* something neerer drew,
 Her Odors, odord with her breath and brest,
 Into the sensor of his saueur flew,
 As if the Phenix hasting to her rest

Had gatherd all th'Arabian Spicerie
 T'enbalme her body in her Tombe, her nest,
 And there lay burning gainst *Apollos* eye,
 Whose fiery ayre straight piercing *Ouids* braine
 Enflamde his Muse with a more odorouse vaine.

C.

And

Olfactus.

OVIDS BANQVET

And thus he sung, come soueraigne Odors, come
 Restore my spirits now in loue consuming,
 Wax hotter ayre, make them more sauorisme,
 My fainting life with fresh-breath'd soule perfuming,
 The flames of my disease are violent,
 And many perish on late helps presuming,
 With which hard fate must I yet stand content,
 As Odors put in fire most richly smell,
 So men must burne in loue that will excell.

And as the ayre is rarefied with heate
 But thick and grosse with Summer-killing colde,
 So men in loue aspire perfections seate,
 When others, slaues to base desire are sold,
 And if that men neere *Ganges* liu'd by sent
 Of Flowres, and Trees, more I a thousand fold
 May liue by these pure fumes that doe present
 My Mistres quickning, and consuming breath
 Where her with flies with power of life and death.

Me thinks, as in these liberall fumes I burne
 My Mistres lips be neere with kisse-entices,
 And that which way soeuer I can turne,
 She turns withall, and breaths on me her spices
 As if too pure for search of humane eye
 She flewe in ayre disburthening Indian prizes,
 And made each earthly fume to sacrifice.
 With her choise breath fell *Cupid* blowes his fire,
 And after, burns himselfe in her desire.

Gentle, and noble are theyr tempers framde,
 That can be quickned with perfumes and sounds,
 And they are cripple-minded, Gowr-wit lamde,
 That lye like fire-fit blocks, dead without wounds,
 Stird vp with nought, but hell-descending gaine,
 The soule of fooles that all theyr soules confounds,
 The art of Pessants and our Nobles staine,
 The bane of vertue and the blisse of sinne.
 Which none but fooles and Pessants glorie in.

Sweete

OF SENCE.

Sweete sounds and Odors, are the heauens, on earth
Where vertues liue, of vertuous men deceast,
Which in such like, receiue theyr second birth
By smell and * hearing endlessly encrease;

They were meere flesh were not with them delighted,
And euery such is perisht like a beast

As all they shall that are so foggye sprighted,
Odors feede loue, and loue cleare heaven discouers,
Louers weare sweets then; sweetest mindes, be louers.

Odor in heate and drynes is confire
Loue then a fire is much thereto affected;
And as ill smells do kill his appetite
With thankfull fauors it is still protected;

Loue liues in spyrits, and our spyrits be
Nourisht with Odors, therefore loue refected;

And ayre lesse corpulent in qualitie
Then Odors are, doth nourish vitall spyrits
Therefore may they be prou'd of equall merits;

O soueraigne Odors; not of force to giue
Foode to a thing that liues nor let it dye,
But to ad life to that did neuer liue;
Nor to ad life, but immortallitie.

Since they pertake her heate that like the fire
Stolne from the wheelcs of *Phabus* waggonie

To lumps of earth, can manly lyfe inspire;
Else be these fumes the liues of sweetest dames
That (dead) attend on her for nouell frames;

Reioyce blest Clime, thy ayre is so refine
That while shee liues no hungry pestilence
Can feede her poysoned stomack with thy kynde;
But as the Vnicorns pregreidience

To venomd Pooles, doth purdge them with his horne,
And after him the deserts Residence

May safely drinke, so in the holesome morne
After her walke, who there attends her eye,
Is sure that day to tast no maladye.

* By this allusion drawne from the effects of sounds and Odors, hee imitates the eternitie of Vertue: saying, the vertues of good men liue in them, because they stir vp pure enclinations to the like, as if insulse in perfumes & sounds: Besides, he insers, that such as are neyther delighted with sounds (intending by sounds all vnerance of knowledge, as well as muscalle affections,) nor with Odors, (w^{ch} properly drye the braine & delight the instruments of the soule, making them the more capable of her faculties) such saith hee, perisha without memorie.

OVIDS BANQVET

Thus was his course of Odors sweet and sleight,
 Because he long'd to giue his sight assaye,
 And as in feruor of the summers height,
 The sunne is so ambitious in his sway
 He will not let the Night an howre be plast,
 So in this *Cupids* Night (oft scene in day
 Now spred with tender clouds these Odors cast,) *
 Her sight, his sunne so wrought in his desires,
 His sauer vanisht in his visuale fires.

So vulture loue on his encreasing liuer,
 And fruitfull entrails egerly did feede,
 And with the goldnest Arrow in his Quiver,
 Wounds him with longings, that like Torrents bleeds,
 To see the Myne of knowledge that enrich
 His minde with pouertie, and desperate neede
 A sight that with the thought of sight bewitcht,
 A sight taught Magick his deepe milterie,
 Quicker in danger then * *Dianas* eye.

* Allusion to the
 transformatiō of
Athen with the
 sight of *Diana*.

Stay therefore *Ouid*, venter not, a sight
 May proue thy rudenes, more then shew thee louing,
 And make thy Mistres thinke thou think'st her light:
 Which thought with lightest Dames is nothing mouing.
 The slender hope of fauor thou hast yet
 Should make thee feare, such grosse conclusions prouing:
 Besides, the Thicket *Floras* hands hath set
 To hide thy theft, is thinne and hollow harted,
 Not meete to haue so high a charge imparted.

And should it keepe thy secrets, thine owne eye
 Would fill thy thoughts so full of lightenings,
 That thou must passe through more extremitie.
 Or stand content to burne beneath theyr wings,
 Her honor gainst thy loue, in wager layde,
 Thou would'st be prick't with other sences stings,
 To tast, and feele, and yet not there be staide:
 These casts, he cast, and more, his wits more quick
 Then can be cast, by wits Arithmetick.

Forward

OF SENCE.

Forward, and back, and forward went he thus,
Like wanton *Thawysis*, that hastes to grette
The brackish Court of old *Oceanus*;
And as by Londons bosome she doth fleet
Casts herselfe proudly through the Bridges twists,
Where (as she takes againe her Christall feete:)

She curls her silver hayre like Amorists,
Smoothes her bright cheekes, adorns her browes with ships
And Empresse-like along the Coast she trips.

Till comming neere the Sea, she heares him rore,
Tumbling her churlish billowes in her face,
Then, more dismaid, then insolent before
Charg'd to rough battaile, for his smooth embrace,
She croucheth close within her winding bancks,
And creepes retreat into her peacefull Pallace;
Yet strait high-flowing in her female prances
Again she will bee wanton, and againe,
By no meanes stayde, nor able to containe.

So *Ouid* with his strong affections struing,
Maskt in a friendly Thicket neere her Bowre,
Rubbing his temples, fainting, and reuiuing,
Fitting his garments, praying to the howre,
Backwards, and forwards went, and durst not venter,
To tempt the tempest of his Mistres lowre,
Or let his eyes her beauties ocean enter,
At last, with prayer he pierceth *Iunus* care,
Great Goddesse of audacitie and feare,

Great Goddesse of audacitie, and feare,
Queene of Olympus, *Saturnus* eldest seede,
That doost the scepter ouer *Semras* beare,
And rul'st all Nuptiale rites with power, and meede,
Since thou in nature art the meane to mix
Still sulphure humors, and canst therefore speede
Such as in Cyprian sports theyr pleasures fix
Venus herselfe, and *Mars* by thee embracing,
Assist my hopes, me and my purpose gracing.

A simile, expressing the manner of his minds contention in the desire of her sight, and feare of her displeasure.

OVIDS BANQVET

Make loue within me not too kinde but pleasing,
 Exiling Aspen feare out of his forces,
 My inward sight, with outward seeing, easing,
 And if he please further to stretch his courtes,
 Arme me with courage to make good his charges,
 Too much desire to please, pleasure diuorces,
 Attempts, and not entreats get Ladies larges,
 Wit is with boldnes prompt, with terror danted,
 And grace is sooner got of Dames then graunted.

Visus.

THis sayde, he charg'd the Arbor with his eye,
 Which pierst it through, and at her brests reflected,
 Striking him to the hart with extasie:
 As doe the sun-beames gainst the earth proected,
 With their reuerberate vigor mount in flames,
 And burne much more then where they were directed,
 He saw th'extraction of all fayrest Dames:
 The fayre of Beauty, as whole Countries come
 And shew theyr riches in a little Roome.

Heere *Ouid* sold his freedome for a looke,
 And with that looke was ten tymes more enthralde,
 He blusht, lookt pale, and like a fenour shooke,
 And as a * burning vapor being exhalde
 Promist by *Phœbus* eye to be a star,
 Heauens walles demying to be further calde
 The force dissolues that drewe it vp so far:
 And then it lightens gainst his death and fals,
 So *Ouids* powre, this powrefull sight appals.

* This simile ex-
 presseth the cause
 and substance of
 those exhalations
 which vulgarly
 are called falling
 starres: so *Homer*
 and *Virgill* calls
 them, *Stellas ca-*
dentis, *Homer*
 comparing the
 descent of *Pallas*
 among the *Tro-*
yans to a falling
 Starre.

This beauties fayre is an enchantment made
 By natures witchcraft, tempting men to buy
 With endles shewes, what endlessly will fade
 Yet promise chapmen all eternitie:
 But like to goods ill got a fate it hath,
 Brings men enricht therewith to beggerie
 Vnlesse th'enricher be as rich in sayth,
 Enamourd (like good selfe-loue) with her owpe,
 Scene in another, then tis heauen alone.

For

OF SENCE.

For sacred beautie, is the fruite of sight,
The curtesie that speakes before the tongue,
The feast of soules, the glory of the light,
Enuy of age, and euerlasting young,
Pitties Commander, *Cupids* richest throne,
Musick intranced, neuer duely sung,
The summe and court of all proportion:
And that I may dull speeches best afforde,
All Rethoricks flowers in lesse then in a worde.

Then in the truest wisdom can be thought,
Spight of the publique *Axioms* worldlings hold,
That nothing wisdom is, that getteth nought,
This all-things-nothing, since it is no gold.
Beautie enchaines loue, loue gracing beautie,
To such as constant sympathies enfold,
To perfect riches dooth a sounder ductie
Then all endeouours, for by all consent
All wealth and wisdom rests in true Content.

Contentment is our heauen, and all our deedes
Bend in that circle, seld or neuer closde,
More then the letter in the word preceedes,
And to conduce that compasse is reposed.

More force and art in beautie ioynd with loue,
Then thrones with wisdom, ioyes of them composed
Are armes more prooffe gainst any grieve we prone,
Then all their vertue-scorning miserie
Or iudgments grauen in Stoick grauitie.

But as weake colour alwayes is allowde
The proper object of a humane eye,
Though light be with a farre more force endowde
In stirring vp the visuale facultie.

This colour being but of veruous light
A feeble Image; and the cause dooth lye
In th'imperfection of a humane sight,
So this for loue, and beautie, lques cold fire
May serue for my praise, though it meris higher.

With

OVIDS BANQUET

With this digression, wee will now returne
To *Ovids* prospect in his fancies storme :
Hee thought hee sawe the Arbors bosome burne,
Blaz'd with a fire wrought in a Ladyes forme :

Where siluer past the least : and Natures vane
Did such a precious miracle performe,

* The amplification of this simile, is taken from the blisfull state of soules in *Elysium*, as *Virgill* saies : and expresseth a regenerate beauty in all life & perfection, not intimating any rest of death. But in peace of that eternall spring, he poynteth to that life of life thys beauty-clad naked Lady.

Shee lay, and seemd a flood of Diamant
Bounded in flesh : as still as *Vespers* hayre,
When not an Aspen leafe is styrrd with ayre.

Shee lay * at length, like an immortall soule
At endlesse rest in blest *Elysium* :

And then did true felicitie enroule
So sayre a Lady, figure of her kingdome.

Now *Ovids* Muse as in her tropicke shinde,
And hee (strooke dead) was meeere heauen-borne become,

So his quick verse in equall height was shrinde :

Or els blame mee as his submitted debter,
That neuer Mistresse had to make mee better.

Now as shee lay, attirde in nakednes,
His eye did carue him on that feast of feasts:

He calls her body (as it were diuided with her breasts,) & fields of Paradise, and her armes & legs the famous Ri- uers in it.

Sweet * fields of life which Deaths foote dare not presse,
Flowrd with th'vnbroken waues of my Loues breasts,

Vnbroke by depth of those her beauties floods :

See where with bene of Gold curld into Nests

In her heads Groue; the Spring-bird Lamcate broods :

Her body doth present those fields of peace

Where soules are feasted with the soule of ease.

To proue which Parradise that nurseth these,

See see the golden Riuers that renowne it :

Rich *Gebon*, *Tyrris*, *Physon*, *Euphrates*,

Two from her bright Pelopian shouldders crowne it,

And two out of her snowye Hills doe glide,

That with a Deluge of delights doe drowne it :

The highest two, theyr precious streames diuide

To tenne pure floods, that doe the body durie

Bounding themselves in length, but not in beautie.

These

OF SENCE.

These * winde theyr courses through the painted bowres,
And raise such sounds in theyr inflection,
As ceaseles start from Earth fresh sorts of flowers,
And bound that booke of life with euery section.

In these the Muses dare not swim for drowning,
Theyr sweetnes poisons with such blest infection,
And leaues the onely lookers on them swooning,
These forms so decks, and colour makes so shine,
That Gods for them would cease to be diuine.

* Hee intends the
office her fingers
in attyning her,
touching thys of
theyr courses, in
theyr inflection
following. theyr
playing vpon an
Instrument.

Thus though my loue be no *Elisium*
That cannot moue, from her prefixed place;
Yet haue her feete no powre from thence to come,
For where she is, is all *Elisian* grace:

And as those happy men are sure of blisse
That can performe so excellent a race
As that Olympiad where her fauor is,
So shee can meete them, blessing them the rather
And giue her sweetes, as well as let men gather.

Ah how should I be so most happy then
T'aspire that place, or make it come to mee?
To gather, or be giuen, the flowre of woman?
Elisium must with vertue gotten bee,

With labors of the soule and continence,
And these can yeeld no ioy with such as shee,
Shee is a sweet *Elisium* for the sence
And Nature dooth not sensuall gifts infuse
But that with sence, shee still intends their vse.

The sence is giuen vs to excite the minde,
And that can neuer be by sence exited
But first the sence must her contentment minde,
We therefore must procure the sence delighted,

That so the soule may vse her facultie;
Mine Eye then to this feast hath her invited;
That she might serue the soueraigne of mine Eye,
Shee shall bid Time, and Time so feasted neuer
Shall grow in strength of her renoune for euer.

D.

Betwixt,

OVIDS BANQVET

Betwixt mine Eye and object, certayne lynes,
 Moue in the figure of a Pyramis,
 Whose chapter in mine eyes gray apple shines,
 The base within my sacred object is:

On this will I inscribe in golden verse
 The meruailes raigning in my soueraigns blisse,
 The atcks of sight, and how her arrowes pierse:
 This in the Region of the ayre shall stand
 In Fames brasle Court, and all her Trumps command.

Rich Beautie, that ech Louer labors for,
 Tempting as heapes of new-coynd-glowing Gold,
 (Rackt of some miserable Treasurer)

Draw his desires, and then in chaynes enfold

Virging him still to tell it, and conceale it,
 But Beauties treasure neuer can be told

None can peculier ioy, yet all must steale it,
 O Beautie, this same bloody sledge of thine
 Starues me that yeld, and feedes mee till I pine.

And as a Taper burning in the darke
 (As if it threatned every watchfull eye
 That viewing burne it,) makes that eye his marke,
 And hurls guilt Darts at it continually,

Or as it enuied, my eye but it
 Should see in darknes, so my Mistres beattie
 From soorth her secret stand my hart doth hit:
 And like the Dart of *Cephalus* dooth kill
 Her perfect Louer, though shee meane no ill.

Thus, as the innocence of one betraide
 Carries an *Argus* within, though vnkowne,
 And Fate to wreake the trecherie bewraide;
 Such vengeance hath my Mistres Beautie showne

On me the Traitor to her modestie,
 So vnassailed, I quite am ouerthrowne,

And in my triumph bound in slauerie,
 O Beaurie, still thy Empire swims in blood,
 And in thy peace, Warre stores himselfe with foode.

OF SENCE.

O Beautie, how attractive is thy powre?
 For as the liues heate clings about the hart,
 So all Mens hungrie eyes do haunt thy Bowre,
 Raigning in Greece, Troy swum to thee in Art;
 Remou'd to Troy, Greece followd thee in feares;
 Thou drewst each Syrcles sworde, each childles Dart
 And pulld'st the towres of Troy about thine eares:
 Shall I then muse that thus thou drawest me?
 No, but admire, I stand thus farre from thee.

Heerewith shee rose like the Autumnall Starre
 Fresh burnisht in the loftie Ocean floode,
 That darts his glorious influence more farre
 Then any Lampe of bright *Olympus* broode;
 Shee lifts her lightning arms about her head,
 And stretcheth a Meridian from her blood,
 That slept awake in her *Elision* bed:
 Then knit shee vp, lest loose, her glowing hayre
 Should scorch the Center and incense the ayre.

Thus when her fayre hart-binding hands had tied
 Those liberall Tresses, her high fronsier part,
 Shee shrunk in curls, and curiously plied
 Into the figure of a swelling hart:

And then with Jewels of deuise, it graced:
 One was a Sunne grauen at his Euenes depart,
 And vnder that a Mans huge shadow * placed,
 Wherein was writ, in fable Charestry,
Decrescente nobilitate, crescent obscuri.

An other was an Eye in Saphire set,
 And close vpon it a fresh Lawtell spray.
 The skilfull Poëie was, *Medio * caret*,
 To shoue not eyes, but meanes must truth display.

The third was an *Apello* * with his Teme
 About a Diall and a worlde in way,

The Motto was, *Tempus et orbem*,
 Grauen in the Diall; these exceeding rare
 And other like accomplishments she ware.

* At the Sun going downe, shadows grow longest, whereupon this Embleme is deuised.

* Sight is one of the three senses that hath his mediū extrinsically, which now (supposed wanting,) lets the sight by the close apposition of the Lawrell: the application wherof hath many constructions.

* The Sun hath as much time to compasse a Diall as the world, &c therefore y world is placed in the Dyall, expressing the cōcete of the Emperesse morally which hath a far higher intention,

OVIDS BANQVET

Not *Tygris*, *Nilus*, nor swift *Euphrates*,
 Quoth *Ouid* now, can more subdue my flame,
 I must through hell aduenture to displeafe,
 To tast and touch, one kisse may worke the same:
 If more will come, more then much more I will;
 Each naturall agent doth his action frame,
 To render that he works on like him styl:
 The fire on water working doth induce
 Like qualitie vnto his owne in vse.

But Heauen in her a sparckling temper blewe
 (As loue in mee) and so will soone be wrought,
 Good wits will bite at baits most strang and new,
 And words well plac'd, more things were neuer thought;
 What Goddesse is it *Ouids* wits shall dare
 And he disgrace them with attempting nought?
 My words shall carry spirits to ensnare
 The subelst harts affecting fates importune,
 "Best loues are lost for wit when men blame Fortune.

Narratio.

Ouid standing
 behind her, his
 face was seene in
 the Glasse.

Wish this, as she was looking in her Glasse,
 She saw therein * a mans face looking on her:
 Whereat she started from the frighted Glasse,
 As if some monstrous Serpent had been shown her:
 Rising as when (the sunne in *Leu* signe)
Auriga with the heavenly Goate vpon her,
 Shows her horn'd forehead with her Kids diuine,
 Whose rise, kills Vines, Heauens face with storms disguising,
 No man is safe at sea, the Hardy rising.
 So straight wrapt shee her body in a Clowde,
 And threatned tempests for her high disgrace,
 Shame from a Bowre of Roses did vnshrowde
 And spread her crimson wings vpon her face;
 When running out, poore *Ouid* humbly kneeling
 Full in the Arbors mouth, did stay her race
 And saide, faire Nymph, great Goddesse haue some feeling
 Of *Ouids* paines; but heare: and your dishonor
 Vainely surmise, shall vanish with my horror.

Traytor

OF SENCE.

Traytor to Ladies modesties (said shee)
 What savage boldnes hardned thee to this?
 Or what base reckoning of my modestie?
 What should I thinke thy facts proude reason is?

Loue (sacred Madam) loue exhaling mee
 (Wrapt in his Sulphure,) to this clowde of his
 Made my affections his artillerie,
 Shot me at you his proper Cytadell,
 And loosing all my forces, heere I fell.

This Glosse is common, as thy mildenes strange
 Not to forbear these printed rimes, (quoth she)
 Whose fixed Rites, none should presume to change
 Not where there is adiudg'd inchastritie;

Our nakednes should be as much conceald
 As our accomplishments desire the eye:

It is a secrete not to be reuealde,
 But as Virginitie, and Nuptialls clothed,
 And to our honour all to be betrothed.

It is a want, where our abundance lyes,
 Giuen a sole dowre t'enrich chaste *Hymens* Bed,
 A perfect Image of our purities,
 And glasse by which our actions should be dressed.

That tells vs honor is as soone defild
 And should be kept as pure, and incompressd,
 But sight attainteth it: for Thought Sights childe
 Begetteth sinne; and Nature bides defame,
 When light and lawles eyes bewray our shame.

Deere Mistresse (answerd *Ouid*;) to direct
 Our actions, by the straitest rule that is,
 We must in matters Morrell, quite reiect
 Vulgar Opinion, euer led amisse

And let autentique Reason be our guide,
 The wife of Truth, and Wisdoms *Gouvernasse*:

The nature of all actions must be waide,
 And as they then appeare, breeds loue or loathing,
 Vse makes things nothing huge, and huge things nothing.

OVIDS BANQVET

*Ad discernendi in
homine vel ani-
mali, vidente col-
locanda est. Ari-
stot.*

As in your sight, how can sight simply beeing
A Sence receiuing essence to his flame
Sent from his object, giue it harme by seeing
Whose action * in the Seer hath his frame?

All excellence of shape is made for sight,
Else, to be like a Beast were no defame;

Hid Beauties lose theyr ends, and wrong theyr right:
And can kinde loue, (where no harms kinde can be)
Disgrace with seeing that is giuen to see?

Tis I (alas) and my hart burning Eye
Doe all the harme, and seale the harme wee doo:
I am my Bastard; yet harmles I

Poyson with sight, and mine owne bosome too;

So am I to my selfe a Sorceresse
Bewitcht with my conceits in her I woo:

But you vnwrongd, and all dishonorable
No ill dares touch, affliction, sorow,
One kisse of yours can quickly remedie.

I could not times obserue, as others might
Of cold affects, and watry tempers framde,
Yet well assurde the wounder of your sight
Was so farre off from seeing you defamde,

That euer in the Phane of Memorie
Your loue shall shine by it, in mee enflamde.

Then let your powre be clad in lenitie,
Doe not (as others would) of custome storme,
But proue your wit as pregnant as your forme.

Nor is my loue so suddaine, since my hart
Was long loues Vulcan, with his parts vnrest
Ham'ring the shafts bred this delightfome smart:
And as when Ioue at once from East and West

Cast off two Eagles, to discern the sight
Of this world Center, both his Byrds wynd brest

In Cynthia's Domes, thine Earths namell hight:
So casting off my causeles thoughts to see
My hart true Center, all doe more in thee.

Cupid

OF SENCE.

Cupid that acts in you, suffers in mee
To make himselfe one triumph-place of twaine,
Into your tunes and odors turned hee,
And through my sences flew into my braine

* Where rules the Prince of sence, whose Throne hee
And of my Motions engines framd a chaine (takes,
To leade mee where hee list; and heere hee makes

Nature (my * fate) enforce mee: and resignes
The raines of all, to you, in whom hee shines.

* In Cerebro est
principium sen-
tiendi, et inde
nerui, qui instru-
menta sunt mo-
tus voluntarij o-
riuntur.

Natura est vnus-
cuiusque Fatum,
ut Theophr.

For yeelding loue then, doe not hate impart,
Nor let mine Eye, your carefull Harbengere
That hath puruaide your Chamber in my hart,
Be blame for seeing who it lodged there;

The freer seruice merits greater merde,
Princes are seru'd with vnexpected chere,

And must haue things in store before they neede:
Thus should faire Dames be wise and confident,
Not blushing to be noted excellene.

Now, as when Heaven is muffled with the vapors
His long since iust divorced wife the Earth,
In enuie breath's, to maske his sportie Tapers
From the vnrich abundance of her birth,

When straight the westerne issue of the Ayre
Beates with his flowrie wings those Brutes of death,

And giues *Olympus* leaue to shew his fayre,
So fled th'offended shadows of her chere,
And shewd her pleased count'nance full as cleere.

Which for his fourth course made our Poet court her. &c.

This

OVIDS BANQVET

Gustus.

THis motion of my soule, my fantasie
Created by three senses put in act,
Let iustice nourish with thy sympathie,
Putting my other senses into fast,

*Alterationē pa-
ci est sentire.*

If now thou grant not, now change that offence;
To suffer change, doth perfect sense compact:
Change then, and suffer for the use of sense,
Wee live not for our selues, the Eare, and Eye,
And every sense, must serue societie.

* He intends the
common sense
which is *communis
sensus* or *specio-
sus*, & calls it last
because it dooth,
*sapere in affectione
sensuum.*

To furnish then, this Banquet where the tast
Is neuer vnde, and yet the cheere diuine,
The neereest meane deare Mistres that thou hast
To blesse me with it, is a kysse of thine,
Which grace shall borrow organs of my touch
T'advance it to that inward * taste of mine
Which makes all sense, and shall delight as much
Then with a kisse (deare life) adorne thy feast
And let (as Banquets should) the last be best.

Corymba.

I see vnbidden Guests are boldest still,
And well you shew how weake in soule you are
That let rude sense, subdue your reasons skill
And feede so spoilefully on sacred fare;
In temper of such needles feasts as this
We show more bounty still the more we spare,
Chiefly where birth and state so different is:
Ayre too much rarefied breakes forth in fire,
And fauors too farre vrg'd do end in ire.

Ouid.

The difference of our births (imperiall Dame)
Is heerein noted with too triuiall eyes
For your rare wits; that should your choices frame
To state of parts, that most doth royalize,
Not to commend mine owne; but that in yours
Beyond your birth, are perills soueraignies
Which (vrgd) your words had strook with sharper powers,
Tis for mere looke-like Ladies, and for men
To boast of birth that still be childeren.

Running

OF SENCE.

Running to Father straight to helpe theyr needs,
True dignities and rites of reuerence,
Are sowne in mindes, and reape in liuely deedes,
And onely pollicie makes difference

Twixt States, since vertue wants due imperance
Vertue makes honor, as the soule doth sence,
And merit farre exceeds inheritance,
The Graces fill loues cup, his feasts adorning,
Who seekes your seruice now, the Graces scorning.

Pure loue (saide she) the purest grace pursues,
And there is contact, not by application
Of lips or bodies, but of bodies vertues,
As in our elementale Nation
Stars by theyr powers, which are theyr heat and light
Do heavenly works, and that which hath probation
By vertuall contact hath the noblest plight,
Both for the lasting and affinitie
It hath with naturall diuinitie.

Ouid replied; in thys thy vertuall presence
(Most fayre *Gymna*) thou canst not effuse
The true and solid parts of thy pure essence
But doost thy superficiall beames produce
Of thy rich substance; which because they flow
Rather from forme then from the matters vse
Resemblance onely of thy body shewe
Whereof they are thy wondrous species,
And 'tis thy substance must my longings ease.

Speake then sweet ayre, that giu'st our speech euent
And teach my Mistres tractabilitie,
That art to motion most obedient,
And though thy nature, swelling be and high
And occupiest so infinite a space,
Yet yeeldst to words, and art condeult thereby
Past nature prest into a little place
Deare soueraigne then, make ayre thy rule in this,
And me thy worthy seruant with a kisse.

OVIDS BANQVET

Ouid (sayd shee) I am well pleasd to yeeld:
 Bountie by vertue cannot be abuse:
 Nor will I coylye lyft *Mineruas* shielde
 Against *Minerua*, honor is not brusde
 With such a tender pressure as a kisse,
 Nor yeelding soone to words, though seldome vnde,
 Nicenes in ciuill fauours, folly is:
 Long sutes make neuer good a bad deteccion,
 Nor yeelding soone, makes bad, a good affection.
 To some I know, (and know it for a fault)
 Order and reuerence, are repulst in skaling,
 When pryde and rudenes, enter with assault,
 Consents to fall, are worse to get then falling:
 Willing resistance, takes away the will,
 And too much weakenes tis to come with calling:
 Force in these frayes, is better man then skyl,
 Yet I like skill, and *Ouid* if a kis
 May doe thee so much pleasures, heere it is.

Her moouing towards him, made *Ouids* eye
 Beleue the Firmament was comming downe
 To take him quick as immortalitie,
 And that th' Ambrosian kisse set on the Crowne:
 Shee spake in kissing, and her breath infusde
 Restoring syrrop to his cast, in swoune:
 And hee imagine *Hebes* hands had brusde
 A banquet of the Gods into his sence,
 Which filld him with this furious influence.

The motion of the Heauens that did beget
 The golden age, and by whose harmonie
 Heauen is preferud, in mee on worke is set,
 All instruments of deepest melodie
 Set sweet in my desires to my lones liking
 With this sweet kisse in mee theyr tunes apply,
 As if the best Musicians hands were striking:
 This kisse in mee hath endlesse Musicke closed,
 Like *Phabus* Lute, on *Nisus* Towns imposed.

And

OF SENCE.

And as a Pible cast into a Spring,
Wee see a sort of trembling cirkles rise,
One forming other in theyr issuing
Till ouer all the Fount they circularize,
So this perpetuall-motion-making kisse,
Is propagate through all my faculties,
And makes my breast an endlesse Fount of blisse,
Of which, if Gods could drink, theyr matchlesse fare
Would make them much more blessed then they are.

But * as when sounds doe hollow bodies beate;
Ayre gatherd there, comprest, and thickned,
The selfe same way shee came doth make retreat,
And so effects the sounde reecchoed

* *Qua ratione
fiat Eccho.*

Onely in part, because shee weaker is:
In that redition, then when first shee fled:
So I alas, faint eccho of this kisse,
Onely reiterate a slender part
Of that high ioy it worketh in my hart.

And thus with feasting, loue is famisht more,
Without my touch are all things turned to gold,
And till I touch, I cannot ioy any store:
To purchase others, I my selfe haue sold,
Loue is a wanton famine, rich in foode,
But with a richer appetite controld,
An argument in figure and in Moode,
Yet hates all arguments: disputing still
For Sence, gainst Reason, with a sencelesse will.

THen sacred Madam, since my other senses
Haue in your graces tasted such content,
Let wealth not to be spent, feare no expences,
But giue thy bountie true eternizement:
Making my senses ground-worke, which is, Feeling,
Effect the other, endlesse excellent,
Their substance with flint-softning softnes steeling:
Then let mee feele, for know sweet beauties Queene,
Dames may be felt, as well as heard or seene.

Tactus.

OVIDS BANQVET

For if wee be allowd to serue the Eare
 With pleasing tunes, and to delight the Eye
 With gracious shoves, the Taste with daintie cheere,
 The Smell with Odors, ist immodestie
 To serue the senses Emperor, sweet Feeling
 With those delights that fit his Emperie?
 Shall Subiects free themselves, and bind theyr King?
 Mindes taint no more with bodies touch or tyre,
 Then bodies nourish with the mindes desire.

The minde then cleere, the body may be vsde,
 Which perfectly your touch can spiritalize;
 As by the great elixer is trans-fusde
 Copper to Golde, then grant that deede of prise:
 Such as trans-forme into corrupt effects
 What they receaue from Natures purities,
 Should not wrong them that hold her due respects:
 To touch your quickning side then giue mee leaue,
 Th' abuse of things, must not the vse bereaue.

Heere-with, euen glad his arguments to heare,
 Worthily willing to haue lawfull grounds
 To make the wondrous power of Heaueh appeare,
 In nothing more then her perfections found,
 Close to her naxill shee her Mantle wrefts;
 Slacking it vpwards, and the foulds vnwound,
 Showing *Latona* Twinns, her plenteous breasts
 The Sunne and *Cynthia* in theyr tryumph-robcs
 Of Lady-skin; more rich then both theyr Globes

VVhereto shee bad, blest *Ouid* put his hand:
 Hee, well acknowledging it much too base
 For such an action, did a little stand,
 Enobling it with tytles full of grace,
 And coniures it with charge of reuerend verse,
 To vse with pietie that sacred place,
 And through his Feelings organ to disperse
 VVorth to his spirits, amply to supply
 The porennes of his fleshes facultie.

And

OF SENCE.

And thus hee sayd: King of the King of Sences,
Engines of all the engines vnder heauen,
To health, and life, defence of all defences,
Bountie by which our nourishment is ginen,
Beauties bewtifier, kinde acquaintance maker,
Proportions odnes that makes all things euen,
Wealth of the laborer, wrongs reuengement taker,
Patterne of concord, Lord of exercife,
And figure of that power the world did giue:

Deere Hand, most dulle honored in this
And therefore worthy to be well employde:
Yet know, that all that honor nothing is,
Compar'd with that which now must be enioyd:
So thinke in all the pleasures these haue showne
(Likened to this) thou wert but meere anoyde,
That all hands merites in thy selfe alone
With this one touch, haue more then recompence,
And therefore feele, with feare and reuerence.

See *Cypids* Alps which now thou must goe ouer,
Where snowe that thawes the Sunne doth euer lye:
Where thou maist plaine and feelingly discouer
The worlds fore-past, that flow'd with Milke and Honny:
Where, (like an Empreffe seeing nothing wanting
That may her glorious child-bed bewtifie)
Pleasure her selfe lyes big with issue panting:
Euer deliuerd, yet with childe still growing,
Full of all blessings, yet all blisse bestowing.

This sayd, hee layde his hand vpon her side,
Which made her start like sparckles from a fire,
Or like *Saturnia* from th' Ambrosian pride
Of her morns slumber, frighted with admire
When *Ioue* layd young *Alcydes* to her brest,
So startled shee, not with a coy retire,
But with the tender temper shee was blest,
Prouing her sharpe, vndald with handling yet,
Which keener edge on *Onids* longings set.

OVIDS BANQVET

And feeling still, he sigh'd our this effect;
Alas why lent not heauen the soule a tongue?
Nor language, nor peculier dialect,
To make her high conceits as highly sung,
But that a fleshlie engine must unfold
A spirituall notion; birth from Princes sprung
Peasants must nurse, free vertue waite on gold
And a profest though flattering enemy,
Must pleade my honor, and my libertie.

O nature how doost thou defame in this
Our humane honors? yoking men with beasts
And noblest mindes with slaues? thus beauties blisse,
Loue and all vertues that quick spirit feasts
Surfet on flesh; and thou that banquetts mindes
Most bounteous Mistresse, of thy dull-tongu'd guests
Reapst not due thanks; thus rude frailetie bindes
What thou giv'st wings; thus ioyes I feele in thee
Hang on my lips and will not vttered be.

Sweete touch the engine that loues bow doth bend,
The sence wherewith he feeles him desir'd,
The object whereto all his actionstend,
In all his blindenes his most pleasing guide,
For thy sake will I write the Art of loue,
Since thou doost blow his fire and feede his pride
Since in thy sphere his health and life doth moue,
For thee I hate who hate societie
And such as selfe-loue makes his slaerie.

In these dog-dayes how this contagion smoothers
The purest bloods with vertues diet fined
Nothing theyr owne, vnlesse they be some others
Spite of themselues, are in themselues confined
And liue so poore they are of all despised,
Theyr gifts, held down with scorne should be diuined,
And they like Mummers mask, vnknowne, vnprised:
A thousand meruailes mourne in some such brest
Would make a kinde and worthy Patrone blest.

To

OF SENCE.

To mee (deere Soueraigne) thou art Patroneſſe,
And I, with that thy graces haue infused,
Will make all fat and foggy braines confeſſe,
Riches may from a poore verſe be deduced:

And that Golds loue ſhall leaue them groueling heere,
When thy perfections ſhall to heauen be Muſed,

Deckt in bright verſe, where Angels ſhall appeare
The praife of vertue, loue, and beaurty ſinging,
Honor to Nobleſſe, ſhame to Auarice bringing.

Here *Ouid* interrupted with the view
Of other Dames, who then the Garden painted,
Shrowded himſelfe, and did as death eſchew
All note by which his loues fame might be tainted:

And as when mighty *Macedon* had won
The Monarchie of Earth, yet when hee fainted,
Grieu'd that no greater action could be doone,
And that there were no more worlds to ſubdue,
So loues defects, loues Conqueror did rue.

But as when expert Painters haue diſplaid,
To quickeſt life a Monarchs royall hand
Holding a Scepter, there is yet bewraide
But halfe his fingers; when we vnderſtand
The reſt not to be ſcene; and neuer blame
The Painters Art, in nicest cenſures ſkand:
So in the compaſſe of this curious frame,
Ouid well knew there was much more intended,
With whole omition none muſt be offended.

Intentio, animi actio.

Explicit conuiuium.

3 A Coronet for his Mistresse
Philosophie.

MVles that ling lones sensuall Emperie,
And Louers kindling your enraged fires
At *Cupids* bonfires burning in the eye,
Blowne with the emptie breath of vaine desires,
You that prefer the painted Cabinet
Before the welthy Jewels it doth store yee,
That all your ioyes in dying figures set,
And staine the liuing substance of your glory,
Abiure those ioyes, abhor their memory.
And let my loue the honord subiect be
Of loue, and honors compleate historie;
Your eyes were neuer yet, let in to see
The maiestie and riches of the minde,
But dwell in darknes; for your God is blinde.

BV T dwell in darknes, for your God is blinde,
Humor poures downe such torrents on his eyes,
Which (as from Mountaines) fall on his base kind,
And eate your entrails out with exstasies.
Colour, (whose hands for faintnes are not felt)
Can binde your waxen thoughts in Adamant,
And with her painted fire your harts doth melt
Which beate your soules in peeces with a pant,
But my loue is the cordiall of soules
Teaching by passion what perfection is,
In whose fixt beauties shine the sacred scroule,
And long-lost records of your humane blisse
Spirit to flesh, and soule to spirit giuing,
Loue flowes not from my lyuer, but her liuing.

Loue

A Coronet.

Loue flowes not from my liver but her lining,
 From whence all stings to perfect loue are darted
 All powre, and thought of pridefull lust depriving.
 Her life so pure and she so sportes harted,
 In whome sits beaultie with so firme a brow
 That age, nor care, nor tommens can contract it;
 Heavens glories shining there, doe stufle slow,
 And vertues constant graces do compact it.
 Her minde (the beame of God) drawes in the fires
 Of her chaste eyes, from all earths tempting fewell;
 Which vpward lifts the lookes of her desires
 And makes each precious thought in her a Jewell,
 And as huge fires comprest more proudly flame
 So her close beaulties further blaze her fame.

So her close beaulties further blaze her fame;
 When from the world, into herselfe reflected
 Shee lets her (shameles) glorie in her shame
 Content for heav'n to be of earth reflected,
 Shee thus deprest, knocks at Olympus gate,
 And in divinites Temple of her hat
 Doth the diuorcal' nuptials celebrate
 Twixt God and her; where loves prophaned dart
 Feedes the chaste flames of *Hymen* firmament,
 Wherein she sacrificeth, for his part;
 The Robes, lookes, deutes, desires and whole descent
 Of female natures, built in thop of art
 Vertue is both the merit and reward
 Of her remou'd, and soule in fide regard.

A Coronet.

OF her remou'd, and soule-infus'd regard,
With whose firme species (as with golden Lances)
She points her liues field, (for all wars prepar'd)
And beares one chancelles minde, in all mischances;
Th'inuerfed world that goes vpon her head
And with her wason heeles doth kyck the sky,
My loue disdaynes, though she be honored
And without enuy sees her emperie,
Loaths all her toyes, and thoughtes cupidinine,
Arandging in the army of her face
All vertues forces, to dismay loose eyne
That hold no quarter with renowne, or grace,
War to all frailetie; peace of all things pure
Her looke doth promise and her life assure.

HEr looke doth promise and her life assure;
A right line, forcing a rebateles point,
In her high deedes, through enery thing obscure
To full perfection; not the weake disjoint
Of female humors; nor the Protean rages
Of pied fac'd fashion, that doth shrink and swell,
Working poore men like waxen images
And makes them apish strangers where they dwell
Can alter her, titles of primacy
Courtship of antick iestures; byrmeles iests
Bloud without soule of false nobilitie
Nor any folly that the world insists
Can alter her who with her constant guises
To liuing vertues turns the deadly vices.

To

A Coronet.

TO liuing vertues turns the deadly vices,
For couetous shee is, of all good parts,
Incontinent for still shee shewes entices
To consort with them sucking out theye hartes,
Proud, for shee scorns prostrate humilitie,
And gluttonous in store of abstinence,
Drunk with extractions stild in seruencie
From contemplation, and true continence,
Burning in wrath, against impatience,
And sloth it selfe, for shee will neuer rise
From that all-seeing trance (the band of sence)
Wherein in view of all soules skills shee lyes.
No constancie to that her minde doth moue
Nor riches to the vertues of my loue.

NOr riches, to the vertues of my loue,
Nor Empire to her mighty gouernment:
Which fayre analisde in her beauties groue,
Shewes Lawes for care, and Canons for content:
And as a purple tincture gyuen to Glasse
By cleere transmission of the Sunne doth taine
Opposed subiects: so my Mistresse face
Doth reuerence in her viewers browes depaint,
And like the Panfye, with a little vaile
Shee giues her inward worke the greater grace;
Which my lines imitate, though much they faile
Her gyfts so hie, and tymes conceits so base:
Her vertues then aboue my verse must raise her,
For words want Art, and Art wants words to praise her.

Am Coronet.

FOR words want Art, & Art wants words to praise her,
Yet shall my aching and industrious pen,
Winde his sharpe forheade through those parts that faile
And registre her worth past rarest women. (her,
Her selfe shall be my Muse; that well will knowe
Her proper inspirations: and awayne
(With her deere loue) she wrongs my fortunes show,
Which to my youth, kinde hartlesse griefe in age.)
Her selfe shall be my comfort and my riches,
And all my thoughts I will on her conuert,
Honor, and Error, which the world bewitches,
Shall still crowne fooles, and tread vpon desert,
And neuer shall my friendlesse verse enuie
Muses that Fames loose feathers beautifie.

MVses that Fames loose feathers beautifie,
And such as scorne to tread the Theater,
As ignorant the seeds of memorie
Haue most inspitte, and shewre theyr glories there
To noblest wits, and men of highest doome,
That for the kingly Lawrell bent assayre,
The Theaters of *Atheni* and of *Rome*
Haue, beere the Crownes, and not the base empayre :
Farre then be this foule cloudy-browd contempt
From like-plumde Birds: and let your sacred rymes
From honors Court theyr seruaile feete exempt
That liue by soothing moods; and seruing tymes:
And let my loue, adorne with modest eyes,
Muses that sing loues kinsall Emperyes.

Lucidius olim.

The amorous Zodiack.

- 1 **I** Neuer see the Sunne, but suddainly
My soule is moud, with spire and ielousie
Of his high blisse in his sweete course discerned:
And am displeas'd to see so many signes
As the bright Skye vnworthily diuines,
Enioy an honor they haue neuer earned.
- 2 To thinke beaues decks with such a beaustious show
A Harpe, a Shyp, a Serpent, and a Crow,
And such a crew of creatures of no prizes,
But to excite in vs th'vnthamefast flames,
With which (long since) Ioue wrongd so many Dames,
Renewing in his rule, theyr names and vices.
- 3 Deare Mistres, whom the Gods bred heere belowe
T'expresse theyr wondrous powre and let vs know
That before thee they nought did perfect make
Why may not I (as in those signes the Sunne)
Shine in thy beauties, and as roundly runne,
To frame (like him) an endlesse Zodiack.
- 4 With thee Ile furnish both the yeere and Sky,
Running in thee my course of destinie:
And thou shalt be the rest of all my moving,
But of thy numberles and perfect graces
(To give my Moones theyr full in twelue months spaces)
I chuse but twelue in guerdon of my louing,
- 5 Keeping euen way through every excellence,
Ile make in all, an equall residence
Of a newe Zodiack: a new *Phabus* guising,
When (without altering the course of nature)
Ile make the seasons good, and every creature
Shall henceforth reckon day, from my first rising.

The amorous Zodiack.

- 6 To open then the Spring-times golden gate,
And flowre my race with ardor temperate,
He enter by thy head, and haue for house
In my first month, this heauen-Ram-curl'd tresse:
Of which, Loue all his charme-chaines doth addresse:
A Signe fit for a Spring so beautionous.
- 7 Lodgd in that fleece of hayre, yellow, and curld,
He take high pleasure to enlight the world,
And fetter me in gold, thy crisps implies,
Earth (at this Spring spungie and langorsome
With ennie of our ioyes in loue become)
Shall swarme with flowers, & ayre with painted flies,
- 8 Thy smooth embowd brow, where all grace I see,
My second month, and second house shall be:
Which brow, with her cleere beauties shall delight
The Earth (yet sad) and ouerture confer
To herbes, buds, flowers, and verdure gracing Ver,
Rendring her more then Sommer exquisite.
- 9 All this fresh Aprill, this sweet month of *Venus*,
I will admire this browe so bounteous:
This brow, braue Court for loue, and vertue builded,
This brow where Chastitie holds garrison,
This brow that (blushlesse) none can looke vpon,
This brow with euery grace and honor guilded.
- 10 Resigning that, to perfect this my yeere
He come to see thine eyes: that now I feare:
Thine eyes, that sparkling like two Twin-borne fires,
(Whose looks benigne, and shining sweets doe grace
Mays youthfull month with a more pleasing face)
Iustly the *Twinna* signe, hold in my desires,
Scorche

The amorous Zodiack.

11 Scorcht with the beames these sister-flames eiekt,
The liuing sparcks thereof Earth shall effect
The shock of our ioynd-fires the Sommer starting :
The season by degrees shall change againe
The dayes, theyr longest durance shall retaine,
The starres their amplest light, and ardor darting.

12 But now I feare that thrond in such a shine,
Playing with objects, pleasant and diuine,
I should be mou'd to dwell there thirtie dayes :
O no, I could not in so little space,
With ioy admire enough theyr plemreous grace,
But euer liue in sun-shine of theyr rayes :

13 Yet this should be in vaine, my forced will
My course designd (begun) shall follow still ;
So forth I must, when forth this month is wore,
And of the neighbor Signes be borne anew,
Which Signe perhaps may stay mee with the view
More to conceiue, and so desire the more.

14 It is thy nose (sterne to thy Barke of lone)
Or which Pyne-like doth crowne a flowrie Groue,
Which Nature strind to fashion with her best,
That shee might neuer turne to show more skill :
And that the enuious foole, (vfd to speake ill)
Might feele pretended fault chokt in his brest.

15 The violent season in a Signe so bright,
Still more and more, become more proude of light,
Should still incense mee in the following Signe :
A signe, whose sight desires a gracious kisse,
And the red confines of thy tongue it is,
Where, hotter then before, mine eyes would shine.

So

The amorous Zodiack.

- 16 So glow those Corrals, nought but fire respiring
With smiles, or words, or sighs her thoughts attiring
Or, be it she a kisse diuinely frameth;
Or that her tongue, shooke forward, and retires,
Doubling like feruent *Syrins*, summers fires
In *Leas* mouth, which all the world enflameth.
- 17 And now to bid the Boreall signes adew
I come to giue thy virgin-cheekes the view
To temper all my fire, and tame my heate,
Which soone will feele it selfe extinct and dead,
In those fayre courts with modestie dispred
With holy, humble, and chaste thoughts replete.
- 18 The purple tinct, thy Marble cheekes retaine,
The Marble tinct, thy purple cheekes doth staine
The Lillies dulie equall with thine eyes,
The tinct that dyes the Morne with deeper red,
Shall hold my course a Month, if (as I dread)
My fires to issue want not faculties.
- 19 To ballance now thy more obscured graces
Gainst them the circle of thy head enclases
(Twice three Months vsd, to run through twice three
To render in this heauen my labor lasting, (houses
I hast to see the rest, and with one hasting,
The dripping tyme shall fill the Earth carewles.
- 20 Then by the necke, my *Astrum* Ile commence,
Thy necke, that merrits place of excellence
Such as this is, where with a cerraine Sphere
In ballancing the darknes with the light,
It so might vvey, vvith skales of equall weight
Thy beauties seene with those doe not appeare.

Now

The amorous Zodiack.

- 21 Now past my month I admire for built most pure
This Marble pillar and her lymature,
I come to inhabit thy most gracious teates,
Teates that feede loue vpon the white ripheas,
Teates where he hangs his glory and his trophes
When victor from the Gods war he retreats.
- 22 Hid in the vale twixt these two hills confined
This vale the nest of loues, and ioyes diuined
Shall I inioy mine ease; and fayre be passed
Beneath these parching Alps; and this sweet cold
Is first, thys month, heaven doth to vs vnfold
But there shall I still greue to bee displaced.
- 23 To fort from this most braue and pompous signe
(Leauing a little my ecliptick lyne
Lesse superstitious then the other Sonne)
The rest of my Autumnall race Ile end
To see thy hand, (whence I the crowne attend,)
Since in thy past parts I haue slightly runne.
- 24 Thy hand, a Lilly gendred of a Rose
That wakes the morning, hid in nights repose:
And from *Apollus* bed the vaile doth twine,
That each where doth, th'Idalian Minion guide;
That bends his bow; that eyes, and leaues vntyed
The siluer ribbands of his little Ensigne.
- 25 In fine, (still drawing to th'Antartick Pole)
The Tropicke signe, Ile runne at for my Gole,
Which I can scarce expresse with chastitie,
I know in heauen 'tis called *Capricornus*
And with the suddaine thought, my case takes horne,
So (heaven-like,) *Capricornus* the name shall be.

G.

This

The amorous Zodiack.

26 This (wondrous fit) the wintry *Saffier* seafeth,
Where darknes greater growes and day decrefeth,
Where rather I would be in night then day,
But when I see my iournies doe encrease
He straight dispatch me thence, and goe in peace
To my next house, where I may safer stay.

27 This house alongft thy naked thighs is found,
Naked of spot; made fleshy, firme and round;
To entertayne loues friends with feeling spote;
These, *Cupid's* secret misteries enfold,
And pillers are that *Venus* Phane vphold,
Of her deare ioyes the glory, and support.

28 Sliding on thy smooth thighs to thys months end;
To thy well fashioned Calnes I will descend
That soone the last house I may apprehend,
Thy slender feete, fine slender feete that shame
Theris sheene feete, which Poets so much fame,
And heere my latest season I will end.

LENUOY.

29 DEare Mistres, if poore wishes heauen would heare,
I would not chuse the empire of the water;
The empire of the ayre, nor of the earth,
But endlessly my courts of life confining
In this fayre Zodiack for euer shining,
And with thy beauties make me endles mirth.

30 But gracious Loue, if ielous heauen deny
My life this truly-blest varietie,
Yet will I thee through all the world disperse,
If not in heauen, amongst those brauing fires
Yet heere thy beauties (which the world admires)
Bright as those flames shall glister in my verse.

The

The amorous contention of *Phillis*
and *Flora*, translated out of a Latine coppie,
Written by a Fryer, Anno.

1400.

¹
IN flowrie season of the yeere,
And when the Firmament was cleere,
When *Tellus* Herbs painted were
With issue of disparant cheere:

²
When sh' *Vther* to the Morne did rise,
And driue the darknes from the skyes,
Sleepe gave their visuall liberties,
To *Phillis* and to *Floras* eyes.

³
To walke these Ladies liked best,
(For sleepe reiects the wounded brest,)
Who ioyntly to a Meade addrest
Their sportance with the place to feast.

⁴
Thus made they amorous excessse,
Both Virgins, and both Princesses:
Fayre *Phillis* wore a liberall tresse,
But *Flora*, hers in curls did dresse.

⁵
Nor in their ornamentall grace,
Nor in behaniour were they base,
Their yeeres and mindes in equall place,
Did youth and his effects embrace.

G 2

A

The contention of

6

A little yet unlike they prone,
And somewhat hostilely they stroue,
A Clarke did *Florus* humor moue,
But *Phillis* likt a Souldiours loue.

7

For stature and fresh beauties flowrs,
There grew no difference in theyr dower:
All things were free to both theyr powrs
Without, and in, theyr countlie Bower.

8

One vowes they made religiously,
And were of one societie:
And onely was theyr imparie
The forme of cythers fantasie.

9

Now did a gentle timely gale,
A little whisper through the Dale,
Where was a place of festinall,
With verdant grasse adorned all:

10

And in that Meade-proude-making grasse,
A River like to liquid glasse
Did with such soundfull murmure passe,
That with the same it wanton was.

11

Hard by this Brooke, a Pine had seat,
With goodly furniture complete,
To make the place in state more great,
And lessen the inflaming heate.

Which

Phillis and Flora.

12

Which was with leanes so beautified
And spread his brest so thick and wide,
That all the Sunnes estranged pride
Sustained repulse on every side.

13

Queene *Phillis* by the Foords did sit,
But *Flora* farts reason'd from it,
The place in all things sweetest was fit,
Where th'erbage did their seats admit.

14

Thus while they opposite were set
And could not theyr effects forget,
Loves arrowes and theyr bosoms met,
And both theyr harts did passion-set.

15

Loue, close and inward throwds his fires,
And in faint words, firme sighes expires,
Pale tinctures change theyr cheekes attires,
But modest shame entombes their ire.

16

Phillis dyd *Flora* fighting take,
And *Flora* dyd requitall make:
So both together part the stake,
Till forth the wound and sickness brake.

17

In this chang'd speech they long time stayd,
The processe all on loue they layd,
Loue in theyr harts theyr looks bewraid:
At last, in laughter, *Phillis* sayd:

The contention of

18

Brave Souldier, *Paris*, my harts seisure
In fight, or in his peacefull leysure:
The Souldiers life, is lifes chiefe treasure,
Most worth the Lone-Queenes household pleasure.

19

While thee her war-friend did prefer,
Flora looked coy, and laught at her,
And did this adverse speech aue;
Thou might'st haue said, I loue a Begger.

20

But what doth *Alcibiades*
My Loue: past all in worths excessse:
Whom Nature doth with all gyfts blesse?
O onely Clarks liues, happines.

21

This hard speech, *Philis* hardly takes,
And thus thee *Flora* patience crakes:
Thou lou'st a Man, pure loue forsakes,
That God, his godlesse belly makes.

22

Rise wretch from this grosse extasie,
A Clarke sole Epicure thinke I:
No elegance can beautifie
A shapelesse lump of gluttony.

23

His hart, sweet *Cupid*s Tents reiects
That onely meate and drinke affects:
O *Flora*, all mens intellects
Know Souldiers vowes shun those respects.

Meere

Phillis and Flora.

24

Meere helps for neede his minde satisfeth,
Dull sleepe and surfeits he despiseth:
Loues Trumpe his temples exerciseth,
Courage and loue, his life compriseth.

25

Who with like band our loues combineth?
Euen natures law theereat repineth,
My Loue, in conquests Palm-wreaths shineth,
Thine feast deforms, mine sight refineth.

26

Flora her modest face enrosted,
VVhose second smile, more faire disclosed:
At length, with mocking voyce thet lusted
VVhat Art in her stord brest reposed.

27

Phillis, thy fill of speech thou hast,
Thy wit, with pointed wings is grast:
Yet vrgeest not a truth so vast
That Hemlocks, Lillies haue surpast.

28

Ease-louing Clarks thou holdst for deere,
Seruants to sleepe and belly cheere:
So Enuy, honor would enphere
But giue me care, Ile giue thee answere.

29

So much inioyer this loue of mine,
He nere enuies, or hirs, or thine,
Household-stuffe, honny, oyle, corne, wine,
Coyne, Jewels, plate, serue his designe.

Such

The contention of

30

Such pleasing store haue Clarks by-lying
As none can faine their dignifying:
There, Loue claps his glad wings in flying,
Loue euer firme, Loue neuer dying.

31

Loues stings in him are still sustained,
Yet is my Loue nor pynde nor pained,
Ioy hath no part in him restrained
To whom his loue beares thoughts vnfained.

32

Pallid and leane, is thy elected,
Poore, scarce with clothes, or skinne, contented,
His finewes weake, his breast dyected,
For nothing cause, makes nought effected.

33

Approching needs is loues more hell,
Souldiers want gifts to woo loues well:
But Clarks giue much, and still heapes swell,
Theyr rents and ritches so excell.

34

Right well thou knowst (*Phillis* replyde)
What in both arts, and lines abide,
Likely, and clemly thou hast lyde:
But thus our difference is not tryde.

35

When Holy-day the whole world cheeres,
A Clarke a solemne countnance beares,
His crowne is shauen, blacke weedes he weares,
And lookes as he would still shed teares.

None

Phillis and Flora.

36

None is so poore of sence or eyne
To whom a Souldier doth noe shine;
At ease, like spiritless beasts, limes thine,
Helms and barbed horse do weare out raine.

37

Myne, lowe with Arms makes for-towers lye,
And when on foote, he fight doth trye
While his fayne Squire his heafe holdes by
Mine thinks on me, and then they dye.

38

He turns, (fight past, and foes inchafted)
And looks on me with helme valaced;
Lifts his strong lyms, and brest staine-graced
And sayes, kisse-blesse me, & hart-placed.

39

Flora her wrath in pants did foye
And many a Dart at her let flye,
Flora to Phillis. Thou canst not make with heauen-reacht cry
A Cammell pierce a needles eye.

40

Falſe goes for true, for honny gall,
To make a Clarke, a Souldiers thrall;
Doth loue to Souldiers courage call?
No, but the neede they toyle withall.

41

Good *Phillis*, would thy loue were wise,
No more the truth to contrarise;
Hunger, and thirst, bow Souldiers thyes,
In which deaths path, and *Phyllis* lyes.

H

Sharpe

The contention of

^{4 3}
Sharp is the wasting bane of war,
The lot is hard; and straineth far,
The life in stooping doubt doth iar
To get such things as needfull are.

^{4 3}
Knewst thou the guise, thou wouldst not say
Shau'n hayre shame Clarks, or black array,
Worne higher honors to display,
And that all states they over-sway.

^{4 4}
All things should to my Clarke encline,
Whose croune sustaines th'imperiall signe,
Hee rules; and payes such friends as thine,
And Laye; must stoop to men divine.

^{4 5}
Thou sayst, that sloth a Clarke disguiseth,
Who (I confesse) base works despiseth,
But when from cares his free minde riseth,
Heauens counse and Natures hee compriseth.

^{4 6}
Mine Purple decks, thine Maile bedighteth,
Thine liues in warre, mine peace delighteth,
Olde acts of Princes he reciteth,
All of his friends, thinks, seeks, and writeth.

^{4 7}
What Venus can, or Loues-wingd Lord,
First knowes my Clarke, and brings me word,
Musick in cares doth mine afford,
Thine liues by rapine and the sword.

Heere

Phillis and Flora.

48

Heere speech and strife had both theyr ending,
Phillis askt iudgment, all suspending,
Much stirre they made, yet ceast contending,
And sought a Iudge in home wards wending.

49

With countnances that equall beere,
With equall maiestie beleeue,
With equall voyce, and equall spleene
These Ladies ward vpon the greene.

50

Phillis, a white robe beaurifide,
Flora, wore one of two hews dyde,
Phillis vpon a Mule did ride,
And *Flora* backe a horse of pride,

51

The Mule was that which beeing create,
Neptunus did feede and subiugate:
Which after fayre *Adonis* fate,
His *Henny* sent to cheere her state.

52

This, shee, the Queene of Iberine,
(*Phillis* fayre Mother did resigne
Since shee was giuen to works diuine,
Whence *Phillis* had the Mule in fine.

53

Who of the trappings askt and Bit
The Mule, (though filier) championing it,
Know, all things were so richly fit,
As *Neptunus* honor might admit.

H 2

Then

The contention of

56

Then *Phillis*, no decorum wanted,
But rich and beauteous, all eyes danted,
Nor *Flora's* vertue lesse enchanted,
Who on a welthy Palfrey vanted.

57

Tamde with his raines, wun heaven for lightnes,
Exceeding faire, and full of wicenes:
His breast Art decks with dimes brightnes
For least black mixt with Swans pure whitenes.

58

Young and in daintie shape digested,
His lookes with pride, not rage inuested:
His maipe thin hayrd, his neck high-crested,
Small eare, shorn head, and burly brested.

59

His broad back stoop to this Clarke-loued,
Which with his presture nought was moued,
Sraire leggd, largest highd, and hollow hould,
All Natures skill in him was protted.

60

An Iuorie seate on him hall place,
A hoope of gold did it embrace
Grauen, and the pointrell did encher
A stone, that starr-like gaus in grace.

61

Inscription there allards the eye
With many a wondrous misterie
Of auerient things, made nouelrie
That neuer man did yet defery.

The

Phillis and Florio.

62

The God of Rhetoricks nuptiall Bowre
Adorn'd with euery heavenly powre,
The contract, and the mariage howre
And all the most vnmeasured dowe.

63

No place was there that figerde nought,
That could through all the worke be sought,
But more excelsse of meruailes wrought
Then might incede a humane thought.

64

The skill of *Malcher* alone
Engrau'd that admirable throne,
Who looking stedfastly thereon,
Scarce thought his hand such Art had thone.

65

The trappings wrought he not with ease,
But all his paine employd to please,
And left (to goe in hand with these)
The Targe of great *Selacides*.

66

A styrop for her feete to presse,
And bridle-bolles he did adresse,
And added mincs in worths excelsse
Of his sweet Sponser golden tresser.

67

Thus on theyr famous *Cauallie*,
These *Prince-horne* Damzels seemd to flye
Theyr soft yong cheekes balls to the eye,
Are of the fresh vermillion Dye.

H 3

So

The contention of

68

So Lillies out of Scarlet pere,
So Roses bloomde in Lady Vere,
So shoote two wanton starrs yfers
In the eternall-burning Sphere.

69

The Chyld-gods gracefull Paradise
They ioynly purpose to inuise,
And louely emulations rise
In age of one anothers guise.

70

Phillis to *Flora* laughter led,
And *Flora* *Phillis* answered:
Phillis, a *Merlyn* managed,
A Sparhawk, *Flora* carried.

71

In little time, these Ladyes found
A Groue with euery pleasure crown'd,
At whose sweet enris did resound
A Forde, that flow'd that holy ground.

72

From thence the sweet-breath'd winds conuay
Odors from euery Mirtle spray
And other flowers, to whose airy
A hundred Harps, and Timbrels play.

73

All pleasures, studie can inuent
The Dames cares instantly present,
Voyces in all sorts differant
The foure parts, and the Dispent.

To

Phillis and Flora.

74

To tunes that from those voices flye
With admirable harmonie,
The Tymbrell, Harpe, and Psalterie
Reioyce in rapturing symphonie.

75

There did the Vials voice abounde,
In Musicke Angelike profound,
There did the Pipe disprende round,
His voyce in many a variant sound.

76

All Birds with tunefull bosoms sing,
The Black-bird makes the woods to ring,
The Thrush, the laye, and shee in Spring,
Rues the past rape of *Thracian King*.

77

Theyr sweet notes to the Musick plying,
Then all the different flowers descrying,
The Odors in abundance flying,
Prou'd it the Bowre of *Loue* soft-lying.

78

The Virgins some-what entred heere,
And sprinkled with a little feare,
Theyr harts before that held *Loue* deere,
In Cupids flames encreased were.

79

And while each winged Forrester
Theyr proper rumors did prefer,
Each Virgins minde made waite on her
Applauses apt and singuler.

Death-

The contention of

80

Deathles were hee could there repose;
Each path his spicie Odor stroes
Of Mirrh, and Synamon there groes,
And of our blessed Ladyes Rose,

81

Each tree hath there his severall blisse,
In fruities that neuer season misse:
Men may conceine how sweet Love is,
By that celestiaall Court of his,

82

The dauncing companies they see
Of young men, and of maydens free,
Whose bodies were as bright in blee,
As stars illustrate bodies bee.

83

In which so meruailous a guise
Of vnexpected nouelties,
These Virgins bosoms through theyr eyes,
Are danted with a quicke surpris.

84

Who stay theyr royall Steeds out-right,
And almost from theyr seats alight,
Forgetting theyr endeuours quait,
With that proude rumors sweet affright.

85

But when sad *Philoemen*, did straine
Her rapefull-ruing breast againe,
These Dampzels hearing her complaine,
Are re'inflamd in euery vaine.

About

Phillis and Flora.

86

About the center of the spring
A sacred place is where they sing
And vsa theyr supacame worshipping,
Of loues mere-darting fiery King.

87

There many a two-shapt companie
Of Faunes, Nymphs, Satyres, meete and ply
The Tambrell and the Psalterie
Before Loues sacred maiestie.

88

There beate they Goblets big with wine,
And Coronets of flowers combine,
There Nymphs, and Faunes dancy-dance,
Doth Bacchus teach to foot it fine.

89

Who keepe true measure with their feete
That to the instruments doe sweete,
But old Silenus playes not sweete
In consort, but indents the streets.

90

The spring floepe did his templets lod
As on a long-card Asse he rod,
Laughters excelsse to see him nod
Disfol'd the before of the God.

91

Fresh cups he euer calles vpon
In sounds of imperfection,
With age and Bacchus ouerwon,
They stop his voyces Organon.

L

Amongst

The contention of

92
Amongst this gaineſome Crew is ſcene,
The iſſue of the Cyprian Queene,
Whoſe head and ſhoulders feathered beene,
And as the ſtarres his countnance ſheene.

93
In his left hand his Bow hee bare,
And by his ſide his Quiver ware:
In power hee ſits paſt all compare,
And with his flames the world doth dare.

94
A Scepter in his hand he held,
With *Chloris* native flowers, vntild,
And *Nectars* deathleſſe odors ſtild
From his bright locks the Sun did guild.

95
The triple Graces there aſiſt,
Sustaining with their breſts commiſt
And knees that *Tellus* boſome kiſt
The Chalice of this Amorift.

96
Theſe Vergins now approached neere,
And worſhipped, exempt from feare,
Loues God, who was enuironed there
With youth, that honor ſtiles did beare.

97
Theyr ioy is ſuper excellent
To ſee a Court ſo conſequent,
Whom *Cupid* ſeeing; theyr intent,
He doth with greeting interuent.

He

Phillis and Flora.

98

He asks the cause for which they came:
They confidently tell the same,
And he giues prayse to either Dame
That durst so great a war proclame.

99

To both he spake to make some pause
Vntill theyr honorable cause
Profoundly weighd in euery clause,
Might be expland with all applause.

100

He was a God, which well they know,
Reherfall needs it not bestow,
They lye, and rest, and plainly show
Where loue strises loue will maister growe

101

Loue, Lawes, and Iudges hath in fee,
Nature, and Vse his Iudges be
To whom his whole Courts censures flee
Since past, and things to come they see.

102

These do the hart of iustice trie
And show the Courts seueritie,
In iudgment, and strong customs eye
The Clarke is first for venerie.

103

Gainst which the Virgines, nothing stroue
Since loues high voyce did it approue,
So both to theyr abods remoue,
But, as at first, rest firme in loue.

Explicit Rithmus Phillidis et Flora.

13

Ca-

Certamen inter Phyllidem & Floram.

A Nni parte florida caelo puriore
Picta terra graminis vario colore
Cum fugaret nubila nuncius aurora
Liquit sopor oculos Phyllidis & Flora
Placuit virginibus ire spatiatum
Nam soporem reiecit pectus sauciatum
Aequi ergo pasubus excurrunt in pratum
Ut et locus faciat ludum esse gratum
Eunt amba virgines & amba Regina
Phyllis coma libera Flora compto crine
Nec sunt forma virginum sed forma divina
Et respondent facies luci matutina
Nec stirpe, nec specie, nec ornatu viles
Et annos & animos habent iuueniles
Sed sunt parum impares et parum hostiles
Nam huic placet Clericus & huic placet Miles
Non est differentia corporis aut oris
Sunt unius voti, sunt auius moris
Omnia communia sunt intus et foris,
Sola differentia modus est amoris.
Susurrabit modicum ventus tempestivus
Locus erat viridi gramine festinus
Et in ipso gramine desinebat vinus
Vinus atque garrulo murmure lascivus
Ad augmentum decoris et caloris minus
Fuit iuxta riuulum speciosa pinus
Venustata folio late pandens sinus
Nec intrare poterat calor peregrinus
Consedere virgines, herba sedem dedit
Phyllis iuxta riuulum, Flora longe sedis
Et dum sedis utraque es in sese redit
Amor corda viduerat et utramque ladi-
Amor est interius latens et occultus
Et breui, certissimos elicit singulans
Pallor genas inficit, alternantur vultus

Sed

Certamen inter &c.

*Sed ut verecundus furor est sepatus
Phyllis in suspensis Floram deprehendit
Et hanc de confusis Flora reprehendit
Altera sic alteri mutuo respondit
Tandem morbum totius et vulnus ostendit
Ille sermo mentis multum habet more
Et est quadam ferice tota de amore
Amor est in animis, amor est in ore
Tandem Phyllis incipit et arridet Flora
Miles inquit inclito mea cura Paris,
Ubi modo milites et ubi moraris
O vita militia vita singularis
Sola digna gaudio Dianae laris.
Dum puella recolat militem amicum
Flora (ridens) oculos, iacet in obliquum
Et in risu loquitur verbum inimicum
Amo inquit poteras dicere mendicium
Sed quid Alcibiades facis mea cura
Res creata dignis omni creatura
Quem beavit omnibus gratias natura
O sola felicia Clericorum iura
Floram Phyllis arguit de sermone duro
Et sermone loquitur Floram commoturo
Nam ecce virgunculam inquit credo puro
Cuius pectus mobile servit Epicuro
Surge surge misera de furore fado
Solum esse Clericum Epicurum credo
Nihil elegantia Clerico concedo
Cuius implet latera moles et pinguedo
A castris Cupidinis cor habet remotum
Qui somnum desiderat et cibum & potum
O puella nobilis omnibus est notum
Quantum distas militis ab hoc voto votum
Solis necessarius Miles est contentus
Somno, cibo, potui; non vivis intentus
Amor illum prohibet ne sit somnolentus
Nam est vita Militis amor et iuventus*

Certamen inter &c.

*Quis amicos copulis nostros lero pari?
Lex, Natura prohibent illos copulari
Meum semper premium dare tuo dari
Meus nonis ludere, tuus epulari
Hauris flora sanguinem vultu verecundo
Es appares pulchrior in resu secundo
Et tandem eloquio referas facundo
Qua corde conceperas artibus secundo
Satis inquit libere Phyllis es loquuta
Multum es eloquio volax et acuta
Sed non efficaciter verum prosequuta
Ut per te preualeat lilio cicuta
Dixisti de Clerico qui indulget sibi
Seruum summi nominas & potus & cibi
Sic soles ab inuido probitas describi
Ecce parum paterere respondebo tibi
Tos et tanta fatcor, &c.*

FINIS.



